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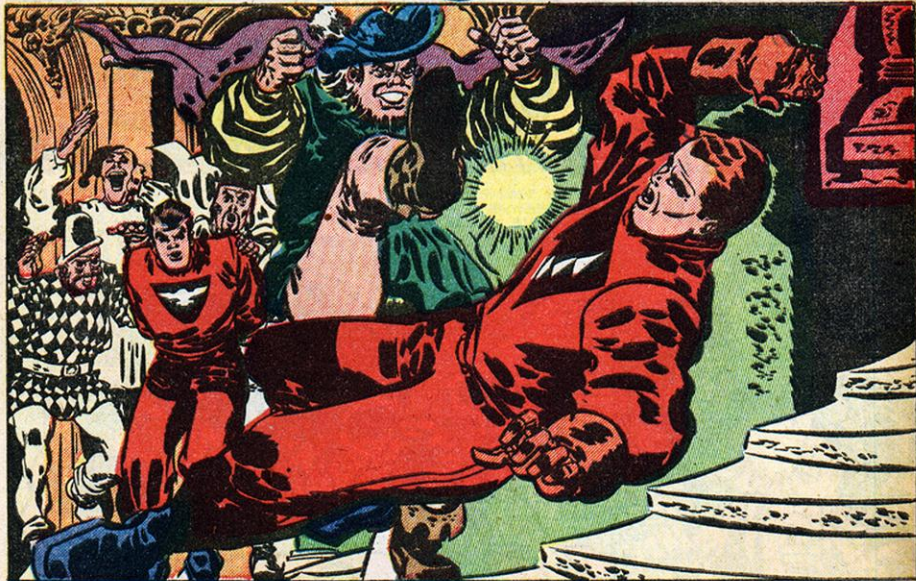
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SPACE PATROL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF BUZZ CORRY AND HIS CADET, HAPPY, HAVE FACED INTER-PLANETARY OUTLAWS BEFORE. BUT NEVER HAVE THEY MET A MAVERICK AS ROUGH, TOUGH AND TERRIFYING AS BASTO, THE...

ROBBER BARON of DEIMOS



SPACE PATROL SECURITY OFFICER MAJOR "ROBBIE" ROBINSON REPORTS TO COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF BUZZ CORRY'S OFFICE ON TERRA.

THE SECRETARY GENERAL OF THE UNITED PLANETS WANTS YOU TO UNDERTAKE ANOTHER MISSION, COMMANDER CORRY! A MOST DIFFICULT ONE!

THAT'S WHAT THE SPACE PATROL IS FOR, ROBBIE! WHAT IS IT?

THE PLANETOID DEIMOS, SIR! BASTO, THE BARON OF DEIMOS, HAS BECOME AN INTER-PLANETARY EXTORTIONIST!

I'VE HEARD OF HIM-- UNFAVORABLY! SO BASTO HAS BECOME A ROBBER BARON, EH? HOW DOES HE OPERATE?

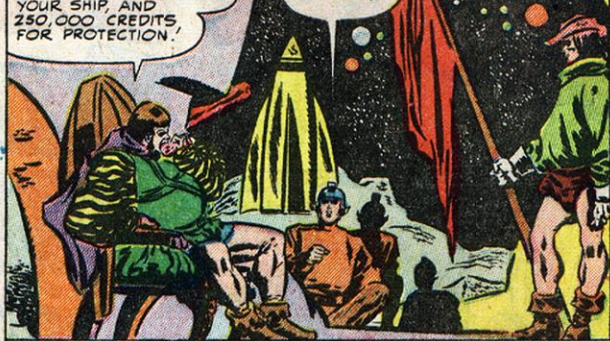




"BASTO HAS SIMPLY SET HIMSELF UP LIKE A ROBBER BARON OF OLD. HE EXORTS TRIBUTE FROM EVERY SPACE SHIP THAT STOPS AT DEIMOS!"

YOU OWE ME 1,000 CREDITS FOR SERVING YOUR SHIP, AND 250,000 CREDITS FOR PROTECTION!

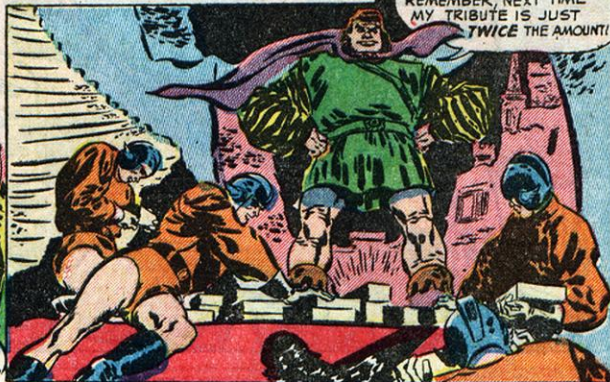
PROTECTION, BARON?



YOU HEARD ME -- **PROTECTION!** EVERY SPACE SHIP THAT STOPS AT DEIMOS PAYS IT -- OTHERWISE THE SHIP STAYS HERE FOREVER, AND ITS CREW BECOME MY SLAVES!

"RATHER THAN RISK VIOLENCE, SPACE SHIPS HAVE BEEN PAYING THE BARON THE TRIBUTE HE DEMANDS!"

GOOD! NOW BE ON YOUR WAY! AND REMEMBER, NEXT TIME MY TRIBUTE IS JUST **TWICE THE AMOUNT!**

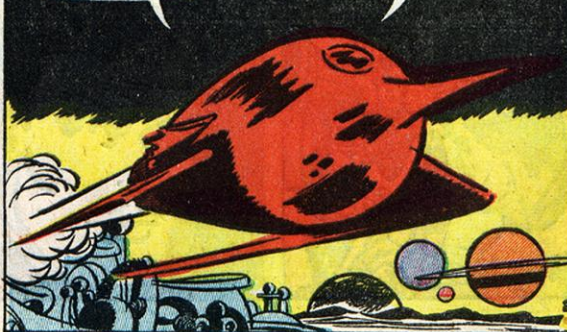


COME ON, HAP! WE'RE GOING TO DEIMOS TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ROBBER BARON!

CAREFUL, COMMANDER CORRY, CAREFUL! HE'S AN UNCOUTH MAN -- AND A VICIOUS ONE!

COMMANDER CORRY, WHY DON'T YOU JUST SEND A SPACE PATROL TASK FORCE TO DEAL WITH BASTO?

BECAUSE THE SPACE PATROL DOESN'T BELIEVE IN VIOLENCE, HAP! UNTIL ALL OTHER MEANS HAVE FAILED!



AS COMMANDER CORRY AND HIS CADET, HAPPY, LAND THEIR SHIP AT DEIMOS' SMALL, PRIMITIVE SPACEPORT, THE BARON'S MEN-AT-ARMS SWARM OUT TO MEET THEM!



I MUST SAY, CAPTAIN, THAT YOUR MEN DO A MAGNIFICENT JOB OF SERVICING A SPACE SHIP!

BARON BASTO'S MEN DO EVERYTHING WELL, COMMANDER. NATURALLY, OUR SERVICES COME HIGH!



OUR BILL, TO BE PAID IMMEDIATELY!

SMOKIN' ROCKETS!

THE 1,000 CREDITS FOR SERVICING OUR SHIP, I'LL GLADLY PAY, CAPTAIN. THE 400,000 CREDITS FOR "PROTECTION," I SHALL NEVER PAY!



PERHAPS AN INTERVIEW WITH BARON BASTO MAY CHANGE YOUR MIND, COMMANDER!

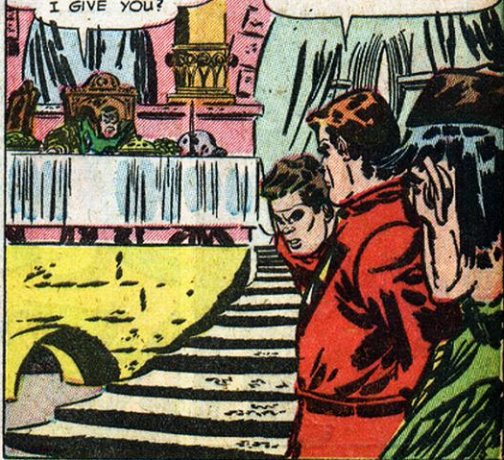
TAKE THEM TO THE BARON!



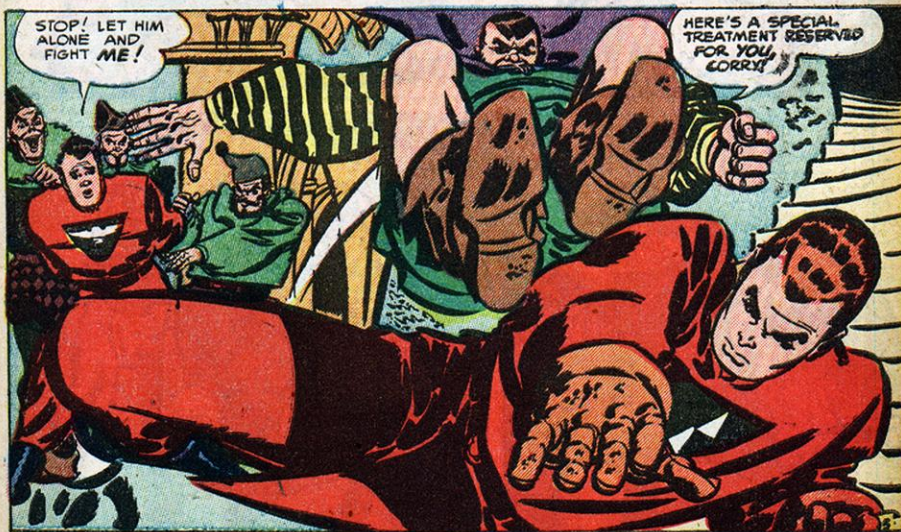
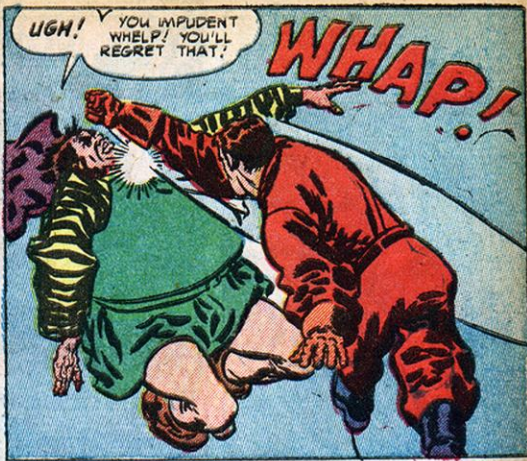
IN THE DINING HALL OF BARON BASTO'S CASTLE ON DEIMOS...

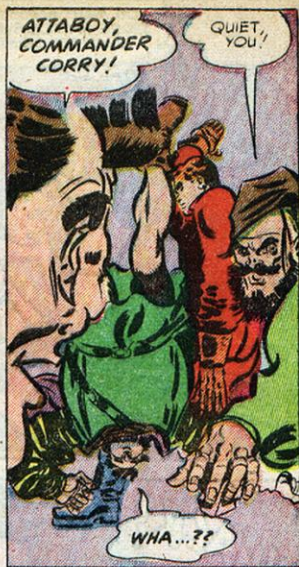
YOU IMPUDENT LITTLE SPACE PATROL RUNTS! WHY WON'T YOU PAY FOR THE PROTECTION I GIVE YOU?

THE SPACE PATROL DOESN'T BUY PROTECTION FROM ANYONE, BARON BASTO! AND IT NEVER PAYS TRIBUTE!









AN HOUR LATER...



JOIN MY BAND AND BE MY
RIGHT HAND MAN, CORRY!
WE'LL LIVE LIKE KINGS!

NO, THANK YOU, BARON! I PREFER
BEING A MEMBER OF THE SPACE
PATROL TO BEING A BANDIT!

I--BARON BASTO--
A BANDIT?

ANY MAN WHO EXACTS TRIBUTE
FROM INNOCENT TRAVELLERS IN
SPACE IS A BANDIT, BARON BASTO!
BUT IF YOU'LL STICK TO YOUR
LEGITIMATE BUSINESS OF SERVICING
SPACE SHIPS, AND LET ALL TRAVELLERS
USE YOUR
SPACEPORT
WITHOUT
PAYING
TRIBUTE--

I'LL COME
BACK ONCE
A WEEK
AND GIVE
YOU JUDO
LESSONS,
BARON!

DONE, CORRY!
TEACH ME JUDO,
AND ALL SPACE
TRAVELLERS CAN
USE MY FIELD
WITHOUT PAYING
TRIBUTE! I'LL TURN
IN ALL MY LOOT TO THE
UNITED PLANETS WELFARE
FUND AND FREE ALL
PRISONERS!

UMMM? WHAT WILL
YOU DO IN
RETURN, CORRY?

LATER, EN ROUTE
TO TERRA...

COMMANDER
CORRY, SIR...WHAT
WOULD HAVE
HAPPENED HAD YOU
LOST THE FIGHT
TO BARON BASTO?

IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED, HAP, THAT SPACE
PATROLMEN DON'T LOSE, NOT WHEN THE
CHIPS ARE DOWN! WE ALWAYS COMPLETE
OUR MISSIONS--OR WE DON'T RETURN!

THE
END

SPACE PATROL COMMANDER BUZZ CORRY AND HIS CADET, HAPPY, COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE BARBAROUS PAST WHEN THEY TRY TO BRING THE PLANETOID HECUBA INTO THE UNITED PLANETS OF THE UNIVERSE. BUT THE PERVERSE AND PRIMITIVE PLANETOID PREFERS TO REMAIN...

AT TERRA'S SPACEPORT, SPACE PATROL SECURITY OFFICER "ROBBIE" ROBERTSON DELIVERS AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO HIS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, COMMANDER BUZZ CORRY OF THE SPACE PATROL.

The FREE STATE of HECUBA



THE SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED PLANETS IS HANDING YOU A ROUGH ASSIGNMENT THIS TIME COMMANDER CORRY!

WELL, ROBBIE, MY CADET AND I ARE USED TO ROUGH ASSIGNMENTS, AREN'T WE, HAP?

G-GOSH, YES, SIR! WE'RE SPACE PATROLMEN!



HERE ARE YOUR PAPERS, SIR! THEY IDENTIFY YOU AS AMBASSADOR-PLENI-POTENTIARY FROM THE UNITED PLANETS TO HECUBA!

HECUBA! SMOK- IN' ROCKETS! THEY WON'T LET ANYONE FROM THE UNITED PLANETS LAND ON THEIR



VICIOUS LITTLE PLANETOID!

HAPPY'S RIGHT, SIR! BUT YOUR ASSIGNMENT IS TO LAND ON HECUBA AND TO GET THEM TO JOIN THE UNITED PLANETS! THEY'RE NEEDED AS A VITAL LINK IN AN IMPORTANT NEW INTER-PLANETARY ROUTE!

WILL DO, ROBBIE! LET'S BLAST OFF, HAP!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER COMMANDER CORY'S SPACESHIP BLASTS INTO SPACE FROM TERRA SPACEPORT-BOUND FOR MYSTERIOUS HECUBA...

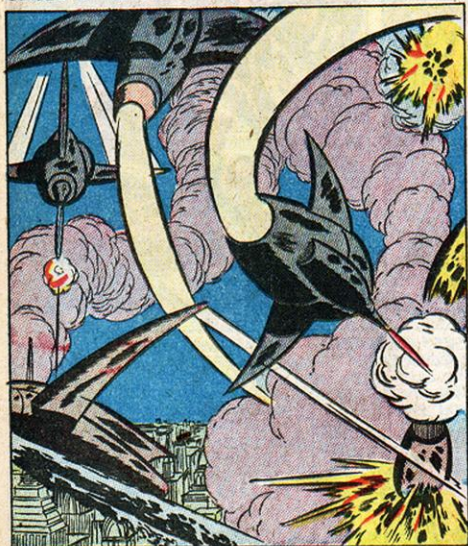


HECUBA'S CALLED "THE HERMIT PLANET," ISN'T IT, SIR?

YES, HAP! AND WITH GOOD REASON!

"CENTURIES AGO, HAP, SOON AFTER SPACE TRAVEL HAD BEEN DEVELOPED, THE UNIVERSE WAS ENGULFED IN A SERIES OF TERRIBLE INTER-PLANETARY WARS."

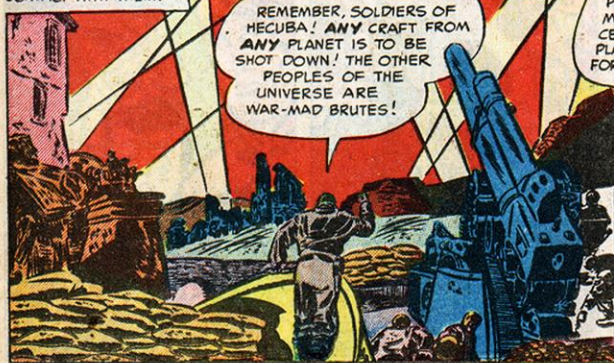
"ONE OF THE GREATEST BATTLEFIELDS OF THE WARRING PLANETS WAS HECUBA. ITS CITIES WERE DESOLATED AND ITS POPULATION HALVED."



"EXHAUSTION AND RUIN BROUGHT PEACE TO THE UNIVERSE, AND LED FINALLY TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNITED PLANETS. BUT HECUBA HAD ENDURED NOTHING BUT SUFFERING FROM THE OTHER PLANETS. SHE WOULD HAVE NO CONTACT WITH THEM!"

REMEMBER, SOLDIERS OF HECUBA! ANY CRAFT FROM ANY PLANET IS TO BE SHOT DOWN! THE OTHER PEOPLES OF THE UNIVERSE ARE WAR-MAD BRUTES!

THE UNITED PLANETS COULD NEVER CONVINCE HECUBA THAT TIMES HAD CHANGED. SHE BECAME A HERMIT PLANET, AFRAID OF EVERYONE ELSE. Mired IN THE BACKWARD TWENTIETH CENTURY WHILE THE OTHER PLANETS MOVED FORWARD!





AND THIS IS HECUBA, HAP! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A FIELD THAT WE CAN USE AS A SPACE PORT!



ALIENS FROM OUTER SPACE TO MURDER US! LET THEM HAVE IT, MEN OF HECUBA!



COMMANDER CORRY! WHAT'S THIS?

AN ARCHAIC WEAPON, HAP! ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE! BUT IT'S DAMAGED US-- WE'LL HAVE TO PUT DOWN!



ALIENS! INTRUDERS! MURDERERS! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP, YOU SWINE!



I AM COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF BUZZ CORRY OF THE UNITED PLANETS SPACE PATROL. I HOLD THE RANK OF AMBASSADOR-PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM THE UNITED PLANETS TO HECUBA! THIS IS CADET HAPPY!

I AM CAPTAIN JORGENSEN OF THE ARMY OF HECUBA! WE RECEIVE NO AMBASSADORS, COMMANDER! YOU AND YOUR CADET ARE INVADERS AND WILL BE SHOT AT ONCE!

HECUBAN LAW SAYS THAT ALL INVADERS FROM OUTER SPACE SHALL BE SHOT WHEN CAPTURED! STAND THEM UP AGAINST THAT WALL AND DO YOUR DUTY, SOLDIERS OF HECUBA!

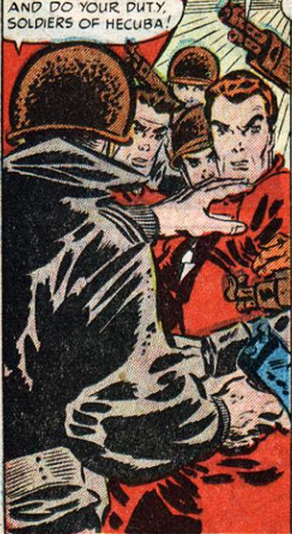
ONE MOMENT, CAPTAIN!

A TRADITION THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLDER THAN OURSELVES, CAPTAIN, SAYS THAT BROTHER OFFICERS, EVEN THOUGH THEY BE ENEMIES MUST SHOW EACH OTHER EVERY COURTESY! I ASK TO BE TAKEN BEFORE THE RULER OF HECUBA!

HOW OLD-FASHIONED EVERYTHING LOOKS, SIR! LIKE AN OLD PICTURE BOOK!

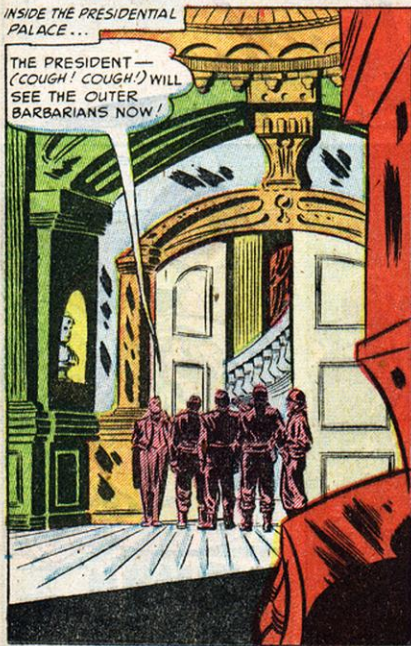
THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SHUT OFF FROM PROGRESS FOR 400 YEARS. HAP! THEY ARE PRIMITIVES!

I CANNOT REFUSE, COMMANDER. CORRY, TAKE THEM TO THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE!



INSIDE THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE ...

THE PRESIDENT— (COUGH! COUGH!) WILL SEE THE OUTER BARBARIANS NOW!



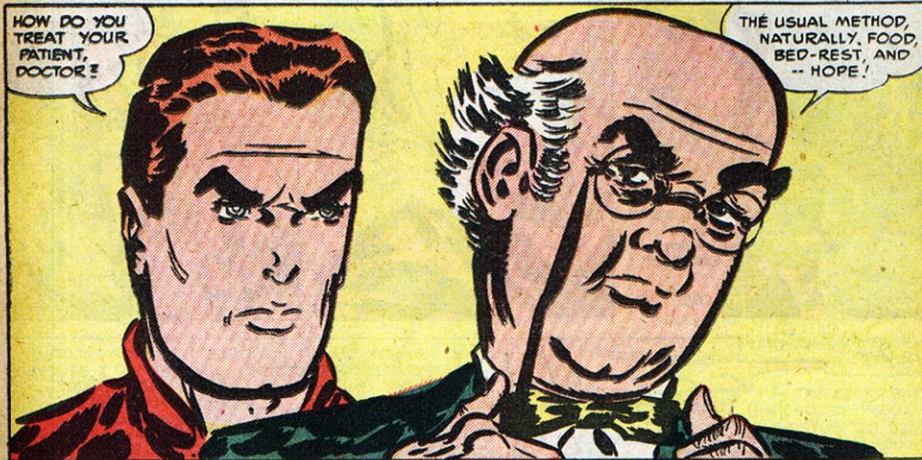
HAVE YOU NOTICED, SIR, HOW PALE AND TIRED EVERYONE LOOKS? THEY'RE VERY THIN AND THEY COUGH SO MUCH!

I HAVE NOTICED IT, HAP, AND I BELIEVE I KNOW WHAT CAUSES IT!



I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON THUGS FROM OUTER SPACE! MY DAUGHTER IS DYING!

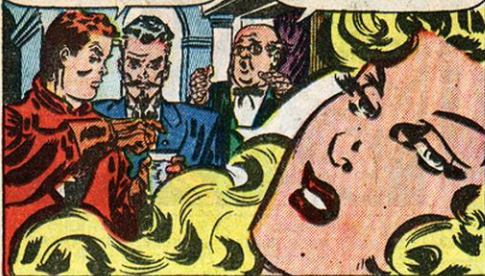




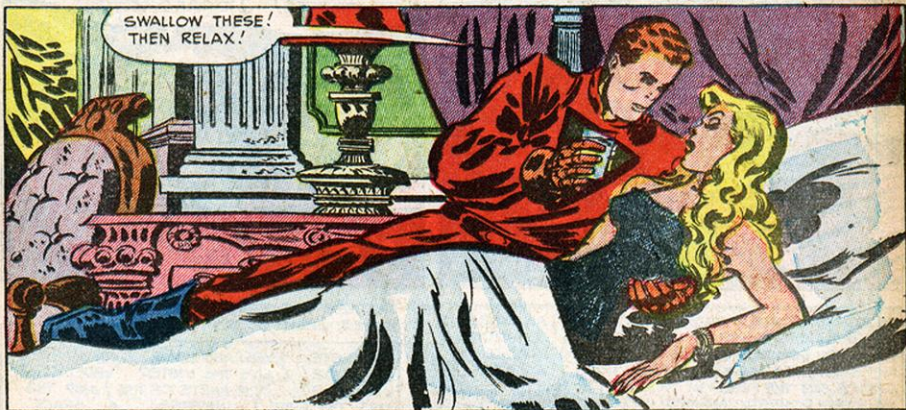
THESE ARE VITA-PEN TABLETS, THE STRONG ANTI-BODIES KNOWN TO UNIVERSAL SCIENCE!

DON'T TRUST HIM! HE'LL POISON HER, OUT OF MALICE FOR HECUBA!

GIVE THEM TO HER, BARBARIAN. IF SHE LIVES, ANYTHING YOU ASK IS YOURS! IF SHE DIES—YOU AND YOUR CADET GO BACK TO THE FIRING SQUAD!



SWALLOW THESE! THEN RELAX!

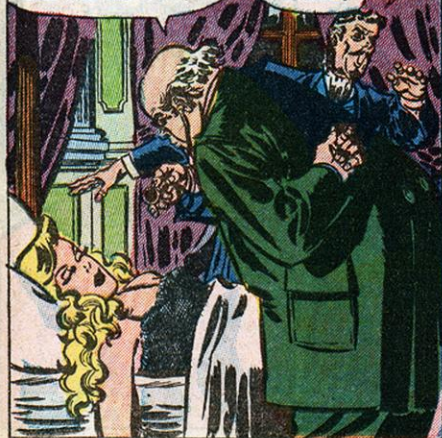


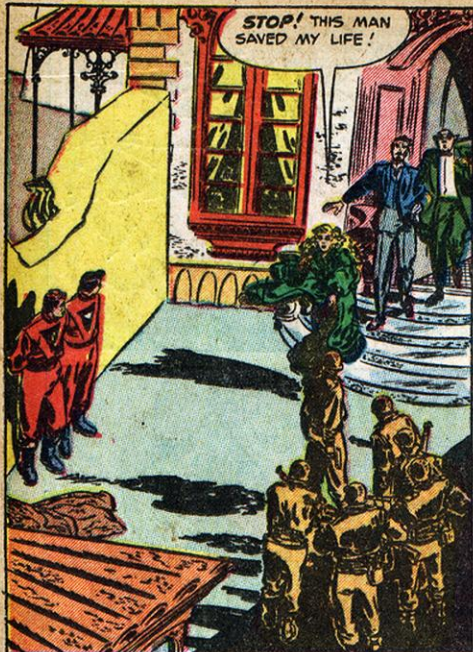
SHE'S IN A COMA! HER HEART IS BARELY BEATING! THIS MONSTER HAS POISONED HER! HE'S A MURDERER, LIKE ALL HIS KIND!

TAKE THE TWO KILLERS FROM SPACE OUT INTO THE COURTYARD AND SHOOT THEM — AT ONCE!

PREPARE TO DIE, YOU MALICIOUS DEMONS!

READY, AIM...





AS AMBASSADOR-PLENIPOTENTIARY OF THE UNITED PLANETS, I'LL DRAW UP A TREATY GIVING YOU DOMINION STATUS WITHIN THE UNITED PLANETS—UNION WITH ALL THE OTHERS, BUT THE FREEDOM TO MANAGE YOUR OWN DOMESTIC AFFAIRS! WE'LL CALL IT THE **FREE STATE OF HECUBA!**

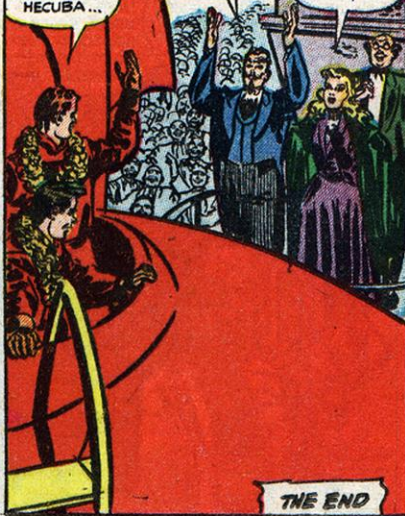
AN EXCELLENT COMPROMISE, SIR! I ACCEPT!

THE NEXT DAY, CORRY AND HAP, THE TREATY SIGNED, LEAVE HECUBA...

GOOD-BYE, GOOD-BYE! AND LONG LIVE THE FREE STATE OF HECUBA...

YES! AND LONG LIVE THE UNITED PLANETS OF THE UNIVERSE!

LONG LIVE COMMANDER BUZZ CORRY AND THE SPACE PATROL!

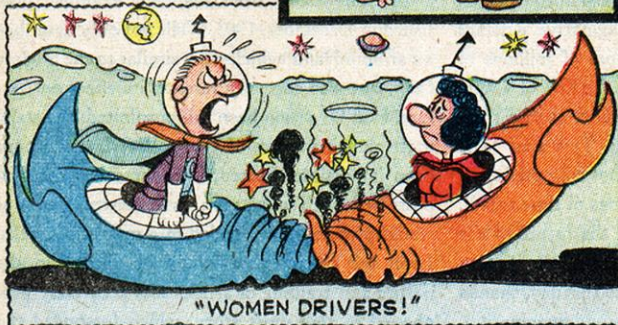


THE END

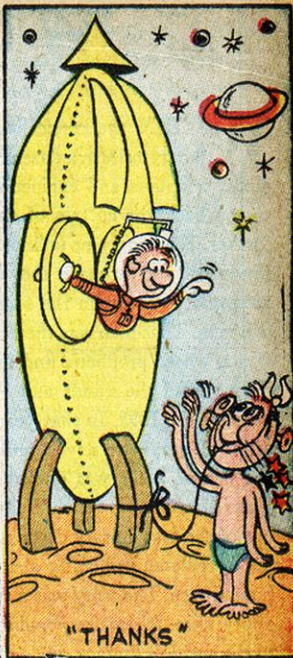
SPACE SPASMS

VIC J. MARTIN

"WHY DID YOU LEAVE THE EARTH... TAXES?"

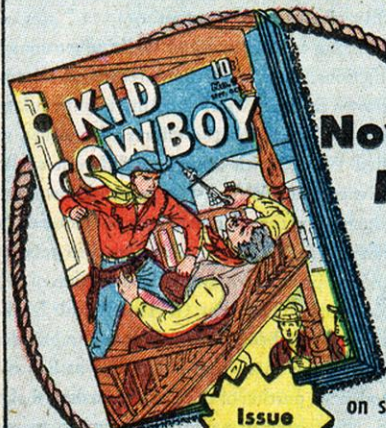


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A Giant of Prophecy

WITHIN the concealing walls of research laboratories in a dozen countries around the globe, scientists and engineers are striving daily to roll back the curtain of the unknown a little further. Knowingly or unknowingly, many of the inventions and processes they hope to produce are attempts to overtake the soaring imagination of one man. That man was the English author, H. G. Wells, whose prophetic and imaginative writings have stirred the minds and hopes of millions of people since 1895. In that year, the first of a long series of prophetic novels and short stories from the pen of Wells was published. This was "The Time Machine," in which Wells not only presented one of the first literary descriptions of time travel, but speculated brilliantly about the future of the human race. The story was a success from its first appearance. It remains popular to this day, thanks to the author's literary skill and vivid imagination.

With the success of "The Time Machine," the career of Wells became definitely set as a writer, although up to that time he had supported himself mainly by teaching science. In "The Time Machine," Wells speculated on the probable outcome of the efforts of the human race to free itself from toil and disease and war, with astonishing results. He saw humanity in the far future as divided into two species, one living on the earth's surface in remnants of past splendor; the other inhabiting a vast warren of artificial underground tunnels and caverns, where the machinery and technology that supported the entire culture existed. The Eloi, as the surface-dwellers called themselves, were descendants of the wealthy ruling class of mankind, and the cave-dwelling Morlocks, who preyed on the Eloi, were the off-spring of the working people.

Thus, in his very first science-fiction story, Wells set a pattern of social invention and prophecy that was to show in all his later writings in the field. Other fantastic and imaginative writers also invented scientific and technical gadgets and

processes, but few of them thought deeply or wrote effectively about the effects of such inventions on human society. Wells "invented" many such scientific and technical marvels in the pages of his stories, but went further, and showed how he thought such things would affect human life, often with startling accuracy.

In "The Land Ironclads," for example, published in December, 1903, Wells not only described an armored land vehicle very similar to the modern tank, but also correctly foresaw its effect on warfare. Had his vision been fully exploited, the stalemate trench warfare of World War I would have been impossible. Indeed, if either side alone had possessed such a weapon in quantity, the war would probably have ended in a matter of weeks. Even the change that would be needed in the nature and training of armies was accurately prophesied in this short story, which foreboded the end of horse cavalry, the new importance of technical as opposed to military training, and the possibility of anti-tank weapons.

Startling as were many of Wells' inventions and predictions, they might have remained relatively unknown to the mass of the American population, had it not been for the efforts of another man named Welles, with a slightly different spelling. This was Orson Welles, now a well-known actor-producer-director of radio, motion pictures, and television. In 1938, Orson Welles, then relatively unknown, produced a dramatized version of H. G. Wells' story, "The War Of The Worlds," which was first published in 1898. Before the broadcast version of this forty-year-old story was half over, a good-sized portion of the Eastern seaboard of the U. S. was fleeing in panic, or digging in to resist the Martian invaders! Switchboards were jammed with frantic calls, radio network offices were snowed under with official and public demands and inquiries, and something approaching a national emergency was created. Such was the power and reality of Wells' story, as presented by Orson

Welles. Even the great advances in science and technology made during the forty years intervening between the story's first appearance and the radio production had not been enough to outmode the ideas and devices it described!

As a result of the official investigation of the panic that followed, the name of H. G. Wells became far more familiar to the general public of the United States than it had ever been before, and many people discovered for the first time some of the other stories of the man who had so gripped the imagination of a nation. The increased public interest and acceptance of Wells' writings that followed came as no surprise to the people who were already familiar with his fertile imagination. His uncanny ability to foresee the probable results of the application of many logical human developments like aviation and radio communication had already won the attention of people who had read his early short stories and novels, or seen such motion pictures as "Things To Come" (1935), or "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (1936).

Herbert George Wells was born in Bromley, Kent, September 21st, 1866. The son of lower middle-class parents, he had little opportunity for an education, but nevertheless managed to acquire it by his own efforts, ultimately taking the degree of Bachelor of Science, with honors, from London University, in 1888. His father was a gardener and shopkeeper who played professional cricket to eke out his livelihood, and his mother was a ladies maid and housekeeper. Wells writes entertainingly in his "Experiment in Autobiography" (1934) of how reading done during the enforced idleness caused by a broken leg turned his interest to books and study, and ultimately to literature.

After leaving school, he did some teaching, mostly private tutoring of students in the sciences, and wrote a textbook of biology to aid himself in this work. He became ill from overwork, however, and was forced to spend several months at a sea-shore resort to recuperate, practically without funds. On returning to London he met Frank Harris, then editor of the Saturday Review, and began his writing career in earnest. The publication of "The Time Machine" in 1895 was followed

in 1896 by "The Island of Dr. Moreau," in which Wells was at his most brilliant. The story is an allegory of Divine efforts to perfect man, told so skillfully that it can be read entirely as a story of desperate adventure on an island where a scientist experiments with dangerous animals, yet without missing the social and scientific implications.

It remains one of Wells' finest stories, and is still read and discussed today. In 1897, "The Invisible Man" was published, and was an instant success. By this time, Wells had collected a considerable following, and in the following year, when he issued "The War Of The Worlds," he was well on his way to the solid literary position and financial success that were to be his. It became only a question of what direction his efforts at invention and prophecy would take, rather than their acceptance by the British public, and later by the people of America.

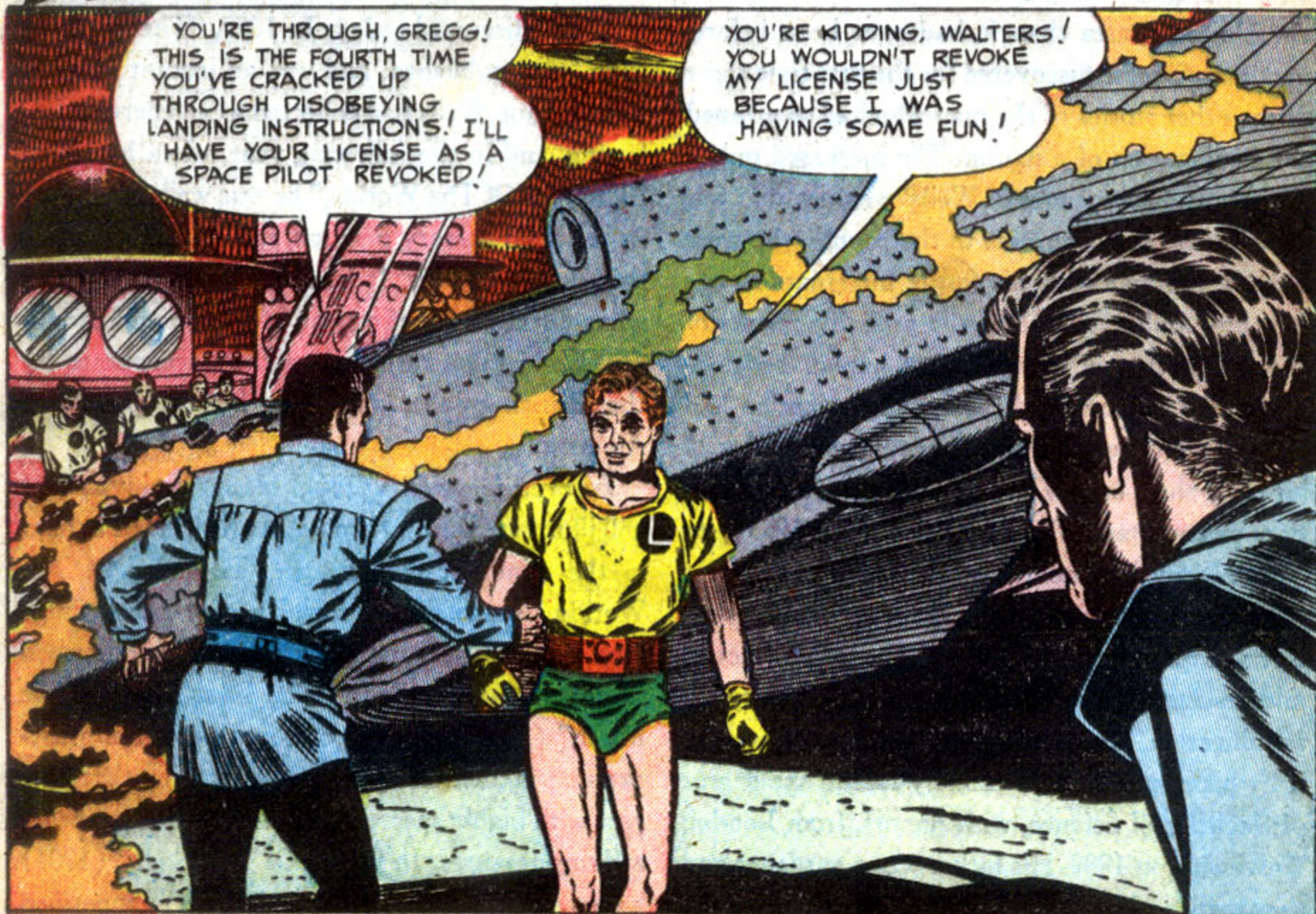
To even mention a few of his major inventions will illustrate the profound effect he has left behind in the minds of millions. In "The War Of The Worlds," space ships, interplanetary travel, huge land war vehicles, and gas warfare were described in convincing detail. In "The First Men In The Moon" (1899), the idea of a metal freed of gravitational attraction appeared, as well as that of a race with highly specialized brains, and many other striking features. In "Food Of The Gods" (1904) a food substance that produced a race of supermen is described. In "The War In The Air" (1908) not only did Wells describe flying machines, but he also presaged the development of atomic bombs, and presented one of the first fictional pictures of the devastation they could produce.

To the end of his life, which came on August 13th, 1946, Wells remained strongly concerned with the development and future of humanity, although his later years found him increasingly pessimistic. Perhaps no other person has written so powerfully and penetratingly of man's possible inventions and future as this man, who in casual writing in his autobiography in 1933, predicted the outbreak of the next war as due to take place in the year 1940!

THE END

THEY CALLED LANCE GREGG A SPACE TRAMP... A DRIFTER, A MAN WHO'D DO ANYTHING FOR
FOR A LAUGH! BUT LANCE'S LAUGHTER WAS BITTER WHEN HE CAME TO GRIPS WITH...

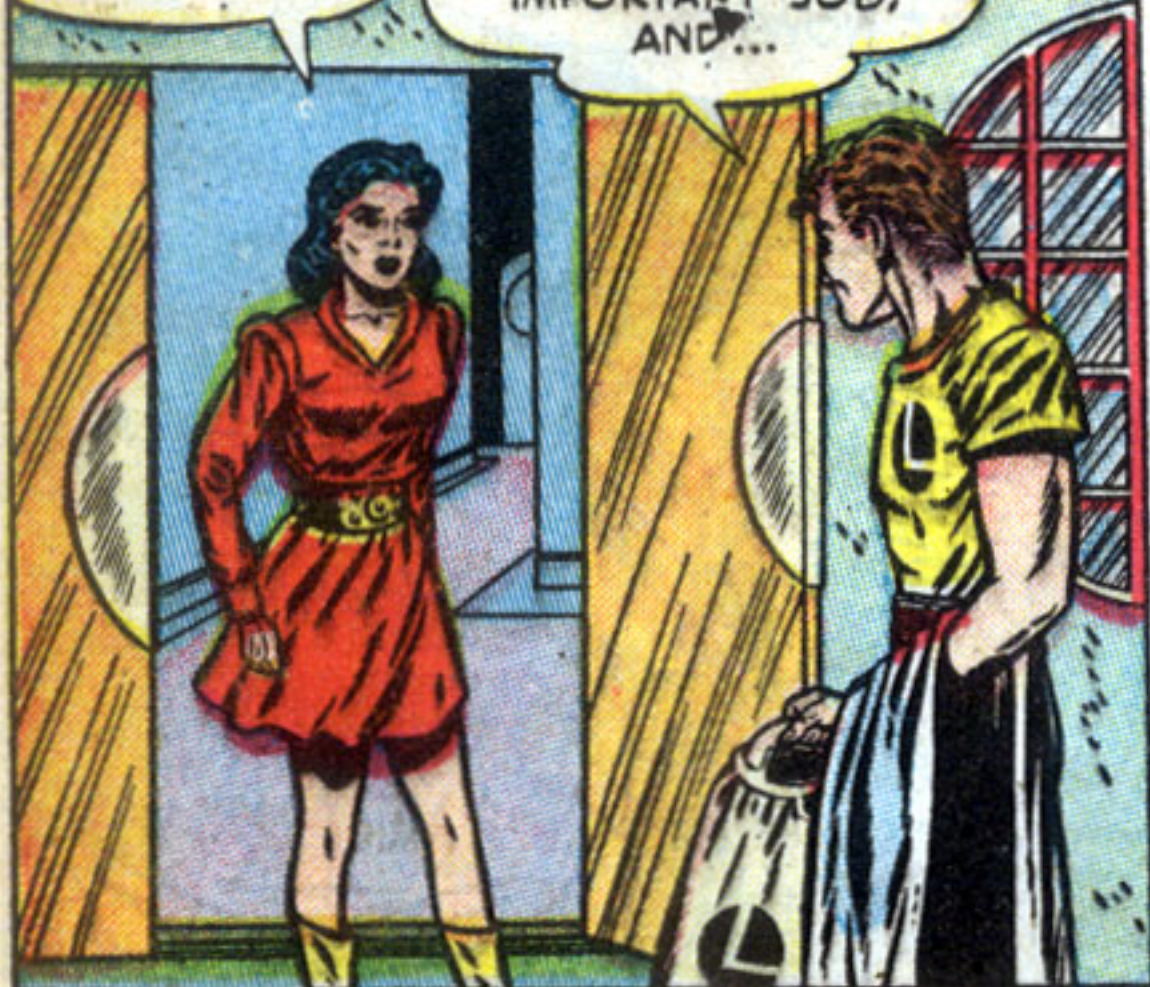
TREASON *in* SPACE



LATER...

LANCE! LANCE!
WAIT A MINUTE!

OH, HELLO, THURA! I-- I--
CAN'T STAY-- I'M IN A
HURRY-- GOT AN
IMPORTANT JOB,
AND...



DON'T LIE TO ME,
LANCE! I KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENED!
IT'S ALL OVER THE
FIELD! WALTERS
FIRED YOU--REVOKED
YOUR LICENSE!

HE'S JUST PULLING RANK! I'M
THE HOTTEST PILOT IN THE
SECURITY SERVICE, AND HE
KNOWS IT... HE'LL COME
CRAWLING TO ME, SOME
DAY, AND...

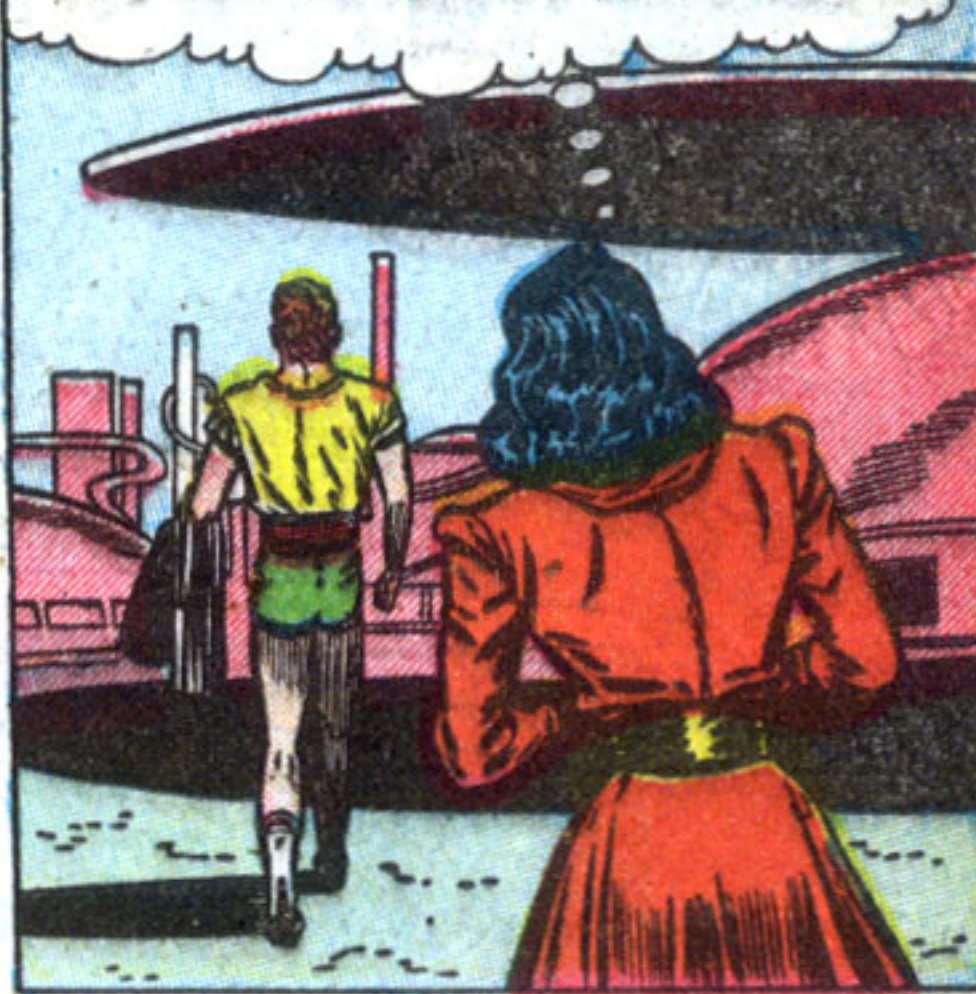


WHEN WILL YOU GROW
UP, LANCE? I'M TIRED
OF YOUR WILDNESS...
IT'S WRECKING MORE
THAN SPACE SHIPS!
I'M GIVING YOU BACK,
YOUR RING, LANCE!

OKAY, IF THAT'S HOW YOU
FEEL! PRETTY NICE-- KICKING
A GUY WHEN HE'S DOWN!
KEEP THE RING! IT'S A
SOUVENIR OF THE MERRY-
GO-ROUND WE'VE BEEN
RIDING!



OH, LANCE, LANCE! I LOVE YOU SO
MUCH-- IF ONLY YOU'D LEARN THAT
LIFE ISN'T A SERIES OF JOKES!



STRIPPED OF HIS SPACE LICENSE, LANCE BECOMES A
DRIFTER, A SPACE TRAMP, HANGING AROUND SPACE
PORTS...

WELL! LANCE
GREGG! I HEARD WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOU, BOY!
THEY SURE GAVE YOU
A RAW DEAL!

WHAT DO YOU WANT,
MALO? IT ISN'T LIKE
YOU TO WASTE
SYMPATHY! WHAT'S
YOUR PITCH?



ALL RIGHT, I'LL COME
TO THE POINT! I CAN
USE A GUY LIKE YOU--
HOW ABOUT IT?

IF IT MEANS
SPACE FLYING--
I'M YOUR MAN!





YOU'LL GET ALL THE SPACE TRAVEL YOU WANT, LANCE! I GOT A FEW HOT CARGOES! SEE?

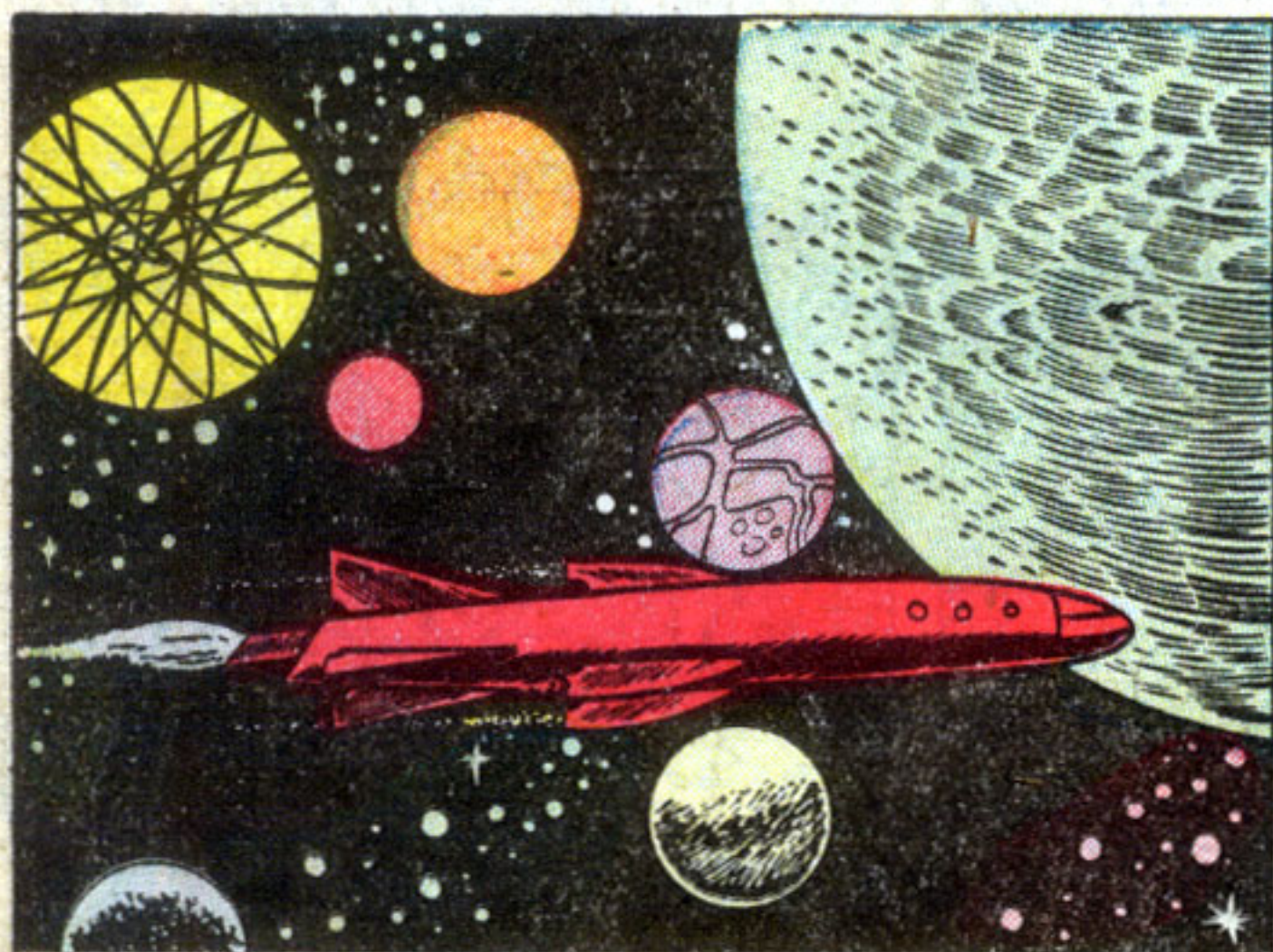
SMUGGLING! WHY NOT? I'LL ROCKET 'EM ANYWHERE, ANY TIME! WHEN DO I START? AND WHAT'S THE PRICE?



FIVE HUNDRED A TRIP! MOSTLY, YOU'LL BE TAKIN' MY STUFF TO ISOLATED PLACES OFF MERCURY AND JUPITER! IS IT A DEAL? YOU START NOW!

SURE IT'S A DEAL! LET'S GO!

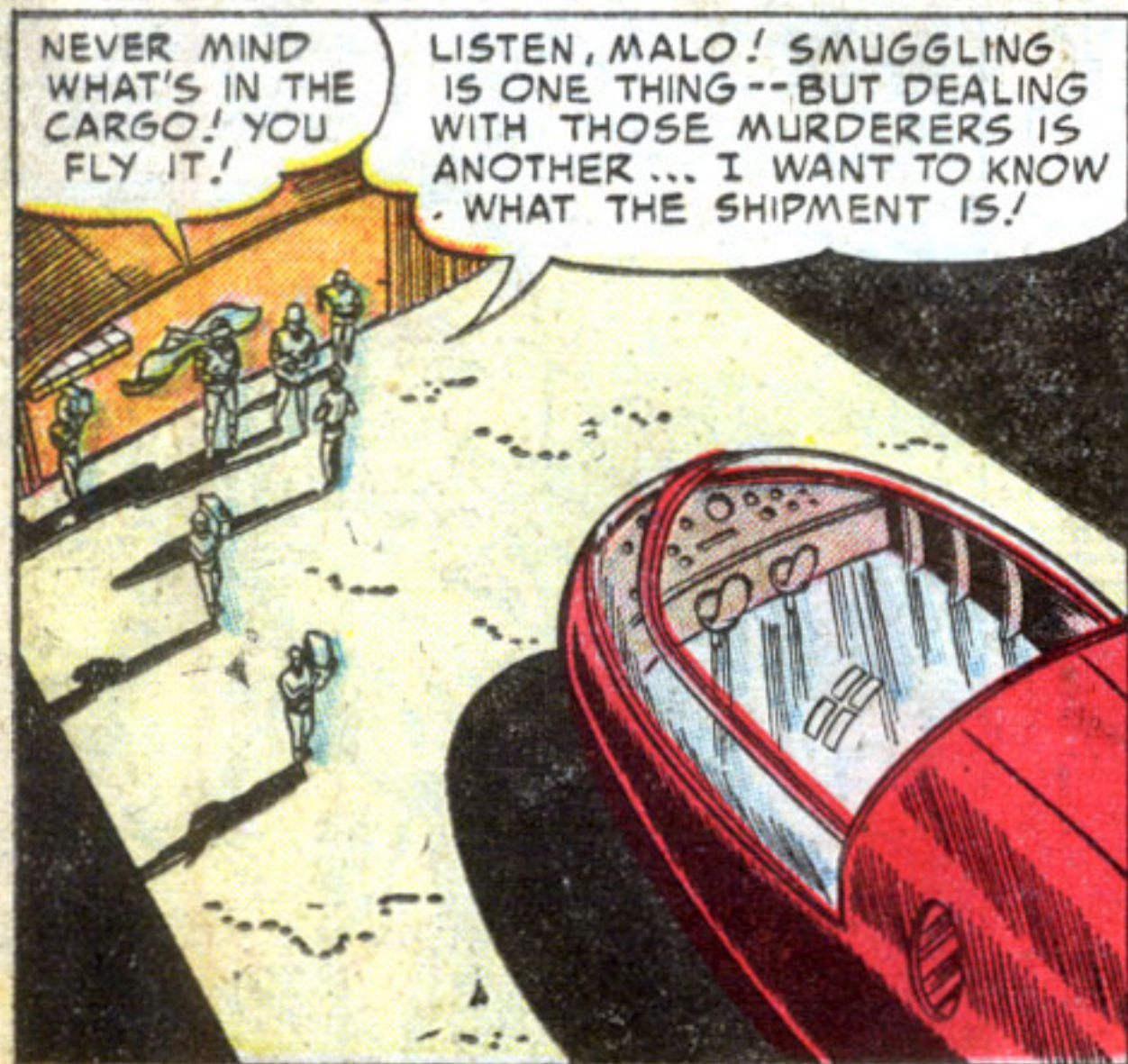
SO, LANCE GREGG JOINS MALO'S ORGANIZATION, AND FLIES SMUGGLED CARGOES TO ALL PARTS OF THE GALAXY...



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

THERE'S YOUR NEXT SHIPMENT, GREGG! IT'LL BE LOADED TONIGHT! THIS ONE GOES TO CORSO!

CORSO! WHAT COULD YOU BE SHIPPING THERE? EVERYONE KNOWS THAT PLACE IS A HIDE-OUT FOR OUTLAWS, KILLERS AND SPACE PIRATES!



NEVER MIND WHAT'S IN THE CARGO! YOU FLY IT!

LISTEN, MALO! SMUGGLING IS ONE THING--BUT DEALING WITH THOSE MURDERERS IS ANOTHER... I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE SHIPMENT IS!

AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU CLUMSY IDIOTS! BE CAREFUL...

SHOCK RAY GUNS! SO THAT'S IT! RUNNING ARMS! I GET IT-- THEY'LL BE USED FOR RAIDING COMMERCIAL SPACE SHIPS! COUNT ME OUT, MALO!

CRASH!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! YOU'RE GOIN' TO DO AS I SAY! ONCE THOSE GUNS LAND ON CORSO, WE'LL SWEEP THE PLANETOID! IT'LL BE MY BASE! YOU'RE NOT GOIN' TO GUM UP THE WORKS!

I MUST'VE BEEN CRAZY TO TIE IN WITH A RAT LIKE YOU! PUT THAT POP-GUN DOWN, MALO! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!



YOU... GRAB HIM!

I'LL TURN YOU INTO THE SECURITY SERVICE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



SOMETIME LATER, IN A SPEEDING SPACE SHIP...

WHERE'LL WE DROP THIS BIRD, TORG?

I KNOW A NICE DESERTED SPOT OFF NEPTUNE! HE'LL HAVE A REAL LONESOME TIME THERE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MATE! I'M TAKING OVER THIS SHIP AS OF NOW!

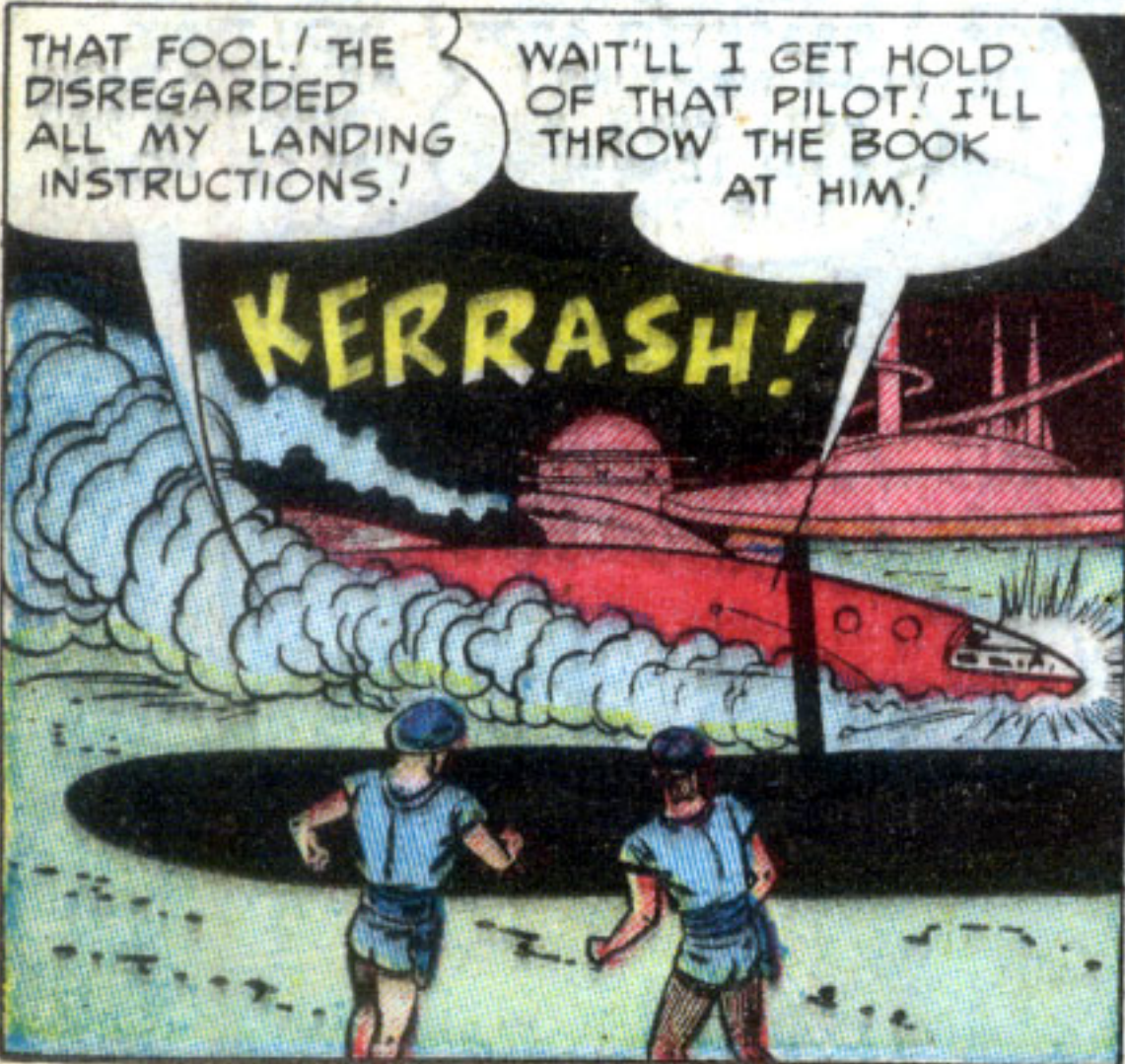
GOOD WORK, TORG! TAKE ALEC AND GRANT-- PUT THIS GUY IN A SPACE SHIP, AND DUMP HIM OFF SOMEWHERE! I NEVER WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN! I'LL DELIVER THE SHIPMENT TO CORSO MYSELF!

OKAY, BOSS! WE'LL SEE THAT HE DON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE!





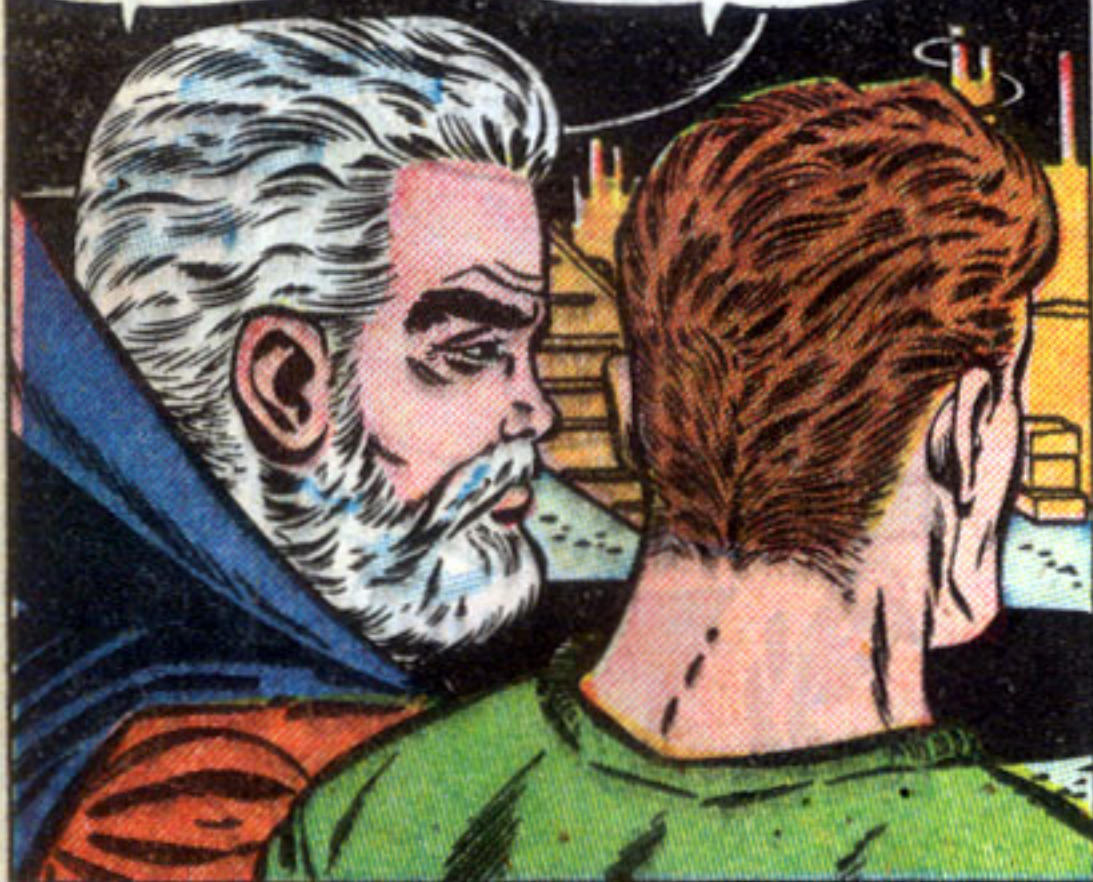
MOMENTS LATER, AT THE CORSO SECURITY SERVICE LANDING STRIP...



MEANWHILE...

THAT'S THE
LAST OF 'EM!
I'LL BLAST
OFF NOW!

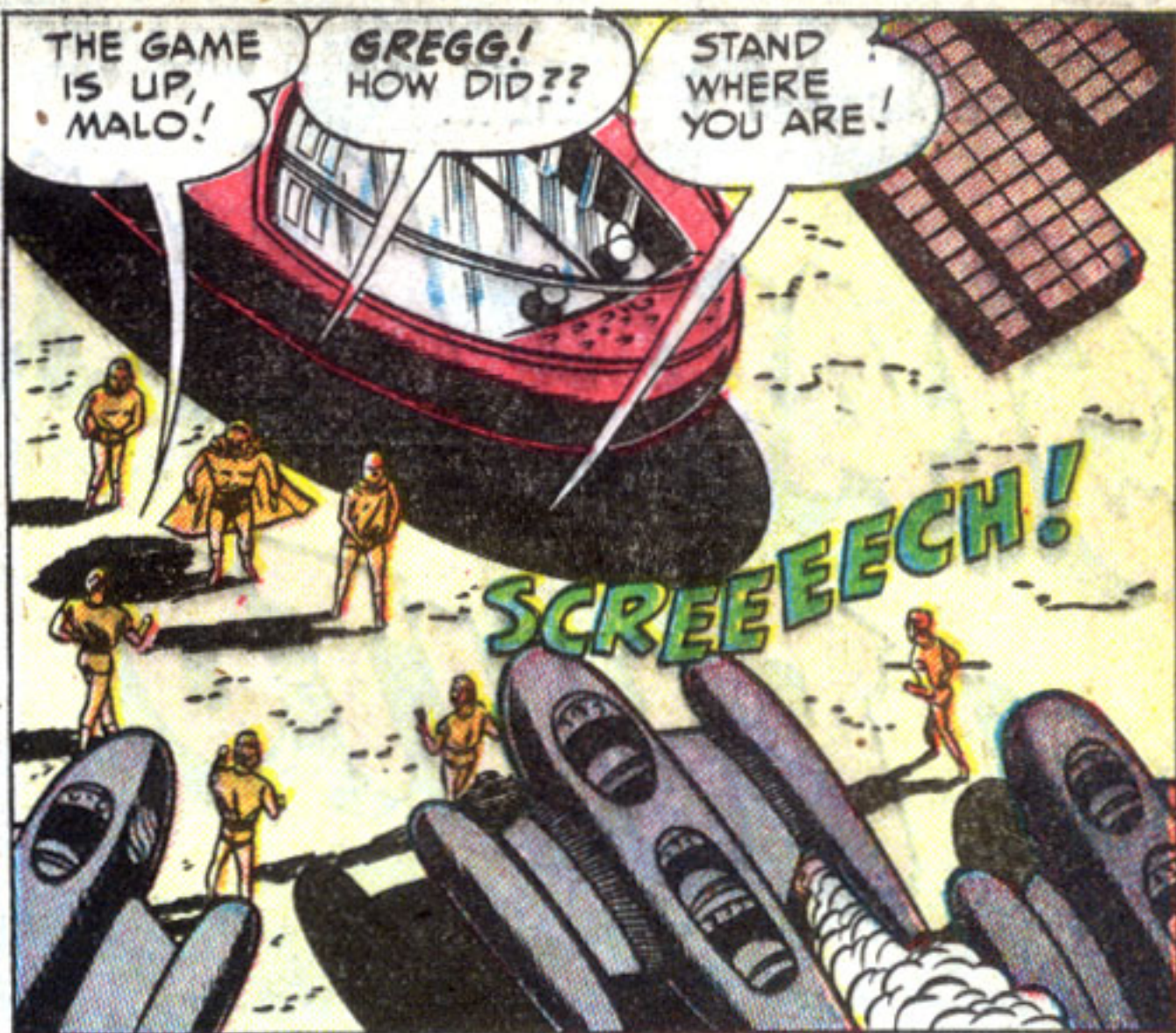
YEAH! THE TRUCKS'LL
BE HERE SOON! AND
ONCE WE UNPACK
THESE GUNS, NOTHING'LL
STOP US!



THE GAME
IS UP,
MALO!

GREGG!
HOW DID??

STAND
WHERE
YOU ARE!



I'M GETTIN'
OUT OF
HERE!

DON'T
SHOOT!
HE'S MY
MEAT!



UNNNH!

THE ONLY PLACE
YOU'RE GOING,
MALO, IS STRAIGHT
TO A JUDGE AND
A JURY!



LATER, AT SECURITY SERVICE
HEADQUARTERS...

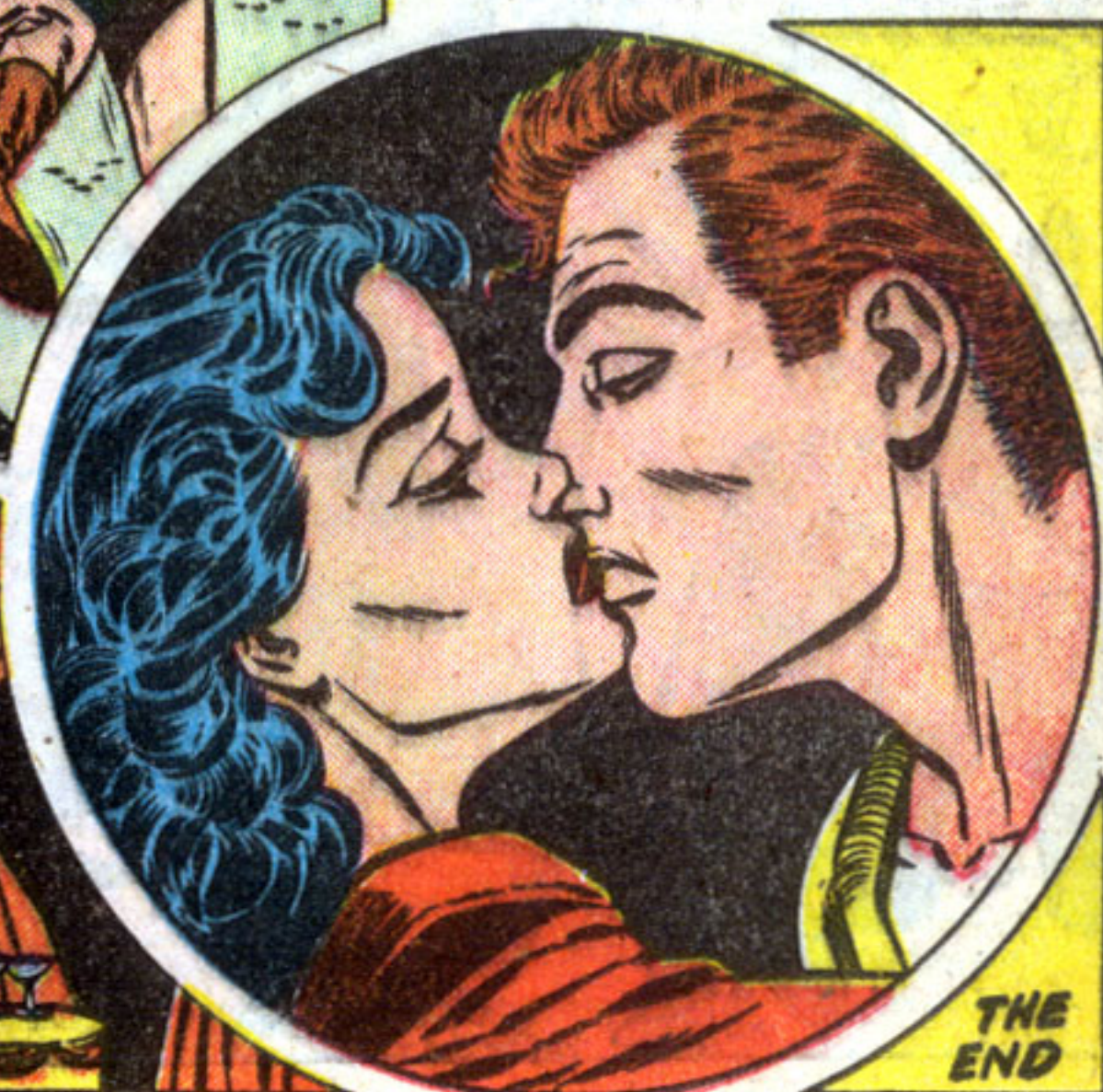
BECAUSE OF
YOUR SERVICE
TO US, GREGG,
YOUR SPACE
PILOT LICENSE
IS RETURNED,
AND ALL
CHARGES
AGAINST YOU
ARE DROPPED! IF
YOU'D LIKE TO
FLY FOR US
AGAIN...

YOU BET!
DON'T WORRY,
WALTERS, I
LEARNED MY
LESSON!
I'LL BEHAVE!
AND NOW, I
HAVE TO BREAK
THE NEWS
TO THURA!



IF YOU CAN
FORGIVE ME,
THURA... I'D
LIKE YOU TO
WEAR MY
RING FOR
KEEPS!

OH, LANCE!
THAT'S WHAT
I'VE BEEN
WAITING TO
HEAR!



THE
END

WHEN A POWER-MAD MONARCH TRIES TO ENSLAVE THE FREE PEOPLE OF THE UNIVERSE, COMMANDER BUZZ CORY AND THE SPACE PATROL MATCH WITS WITH COURAGE AGAINST THE EVIL...

SLAVE KING of PLUTO

SO, THE GREAT COMMANDER BUZZ CORY IS MY PRISONER! WHAT A PRIZE FOR MY SLAVE PIT! PERHAPS NOW, CORY, YOU'LL REVEAL THE SECRETS OF THE SPACE PATROL!

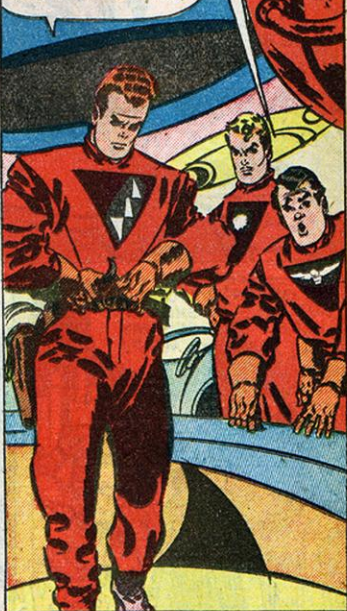
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, ZIKOR! I WARN YOU! THE SPACE PATROL WILL TRACK YOU DOWN AND PUNISH YOU!

SMOKIN' ROCKETS! THE COMMANDER IS IN REAL TROUBLE! I BETTER DO SOMETHING-- BUT FAST!

AT SPACE PATROL HEADQUARTERS ON TERRA...

THERE WAS BAD NEWS FROM MIMAS LAST NIGHT! RAIDERS FROM PLUTO DESTROYED SEVERAL SETTLEMENTS AND TOOK PRISONERS!

HOT ROCKETS! THAT'S NASTY BUSINESS, COMMANDER CORY! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR YOU AND ROBBIE! A SPACE PATROL SHOCK TROOP HAS BEEN ORDERED TO MIMAS, AND WERE GOING WITH IT!

WE'LL STOP THOSE PLUTONIANS, SIR! IT'S TIME THEY WERE TAUGHT A LESSON!



LATER...

HAP! DID THE TROOP
CARRIER BLAST OFF
ALL RIGHT?

YES, COMMANDER
CORRY! WE'RE ON
OUR WAY!

IN CORRY'S SHIP...

THE RAIDERS
LANDED ON
MIMAS AT THIS
POINT! THAT
MEANS THERE'S
A CHANCE TO
GET ON THEIR
TRAIL IF WE
MOVE FAST!

COSMIC
DUST! WE'LL
BE ABLE TO
INTERCEPT
THEM FIFTY
DU'S BEYOND
MERCURY'S
ORBIT!

I HAVE A PLAN, HAP! ROBBIE
WILL STAY WITH THE TROOPS,
WHILE YOU AND I FOLLOW
THE RAIDERS... WE'LL LOCATE
'EM, CONTACT ROBBIE AND
CLOSE IN!

SOON, ON THE RAIDED SATELLITE,
MIMAS, THE GOVERNOR, LARA,
SHOWS THE HAVOC COMMITTED
BY THE RAIDERS...

SEE FOR YOURSELF,
COMMANDER CORRY!
AND THEY TOOK
MORE THAN FIFTY
PRISONERS! MY
DAUGHTER, DEXTRA,
AMONG THEM!

I'M SORRY,
LARA! WE
WILL GO
INTO
ACTION
AT ONCE!

WE WILL FOLLOW MY PLAN!
CADET HAPPY, COME WITH ME!
YOU KNOW
WHAT TO
DO, MAJOR
ROBERTSON!
ANY
QUESTIONS?

NONE,
SIR!

I'M
READY,
SIR!

SOON...

SWEEP THE AREA
WITH THE VIEW-
SCOPE, HAP! WE
SHOULD BE
WITHIN RANGE,
SOON!

YES, SIR!
I FIGURE
WE'RE ABOUT
FIFTY DU'S
OUT ON
MERCURY'S
ORBIT,
AND...

JUMPING JUPITER! IT'S THEM,
COMMANDER CORRY! WE'RE
COMIN' UP ON THEIR TAIL!

LATER, ON THE PLUTONIAN SLAVE SHIP...



DOWN PLUNGES THE SPACE PATROL SHIP, UNTIL ...

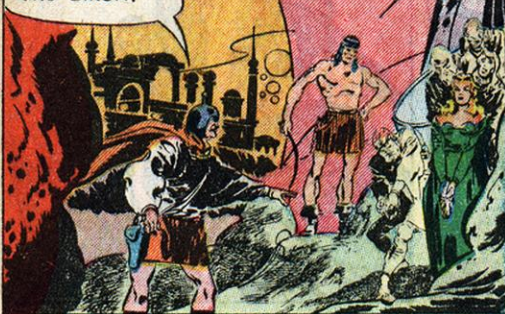


THE OXYGEN REVIVES CORRY, AND ...



SOON, THE PLUTONIAN SHIP LANDS, AND...

ALL RIGHT, MEN! LET'S BRING THIS BATCH OF PRISONERS TO KING ZIKOR!



I THINK HE'LL BE WELL PLEASED!

IN ZIKOR'S PALACE!

TAKE THEM OFF TO THE SLAVE PIT! BUT LEAVE THIS GIRL! UNSHACKLE HER!

YES, SIR!



YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL, ZIKOR WOULD KEEP YOU AS A PRIZE, AND...
UHHHH!

THAT IS WHAT I THINK OF YOU!



THROW HER INTO THE SOLITARY CELL! I'LL BREAK HER SPIRIT YET!

NEVER! THE SPACE PATROL WILL PUNISH YOU, ZIKOR!



MEANWHILE...

WE'LL LEAVE THE SPACE SHIP HERE, HAP! NOW, WE'LL LAND ON PLUTO, PROPELLING OURSELVES WITH THESE MAGNETIC FORCE CONTROL HAND-BEAMS!

GOOD IDEA, SIR! WHEN WE SPOT THE PLUTONIAN CONCENTRATION, WE'LL SIGNAL MAJOR ROBERTSON WITH THE TELE-COMMUNICATOR, BRING UP OUR SHOCK TROOPS AND RESCUE THE PRISONERS!



LATER, WHEN CORRY AND HAP LAND ON PLUTO...

WE'LL HIDE OUR SPACE SUITS HERE, HAP!

YES, SIR!



SIR, THOSE ARE THE PRISONERS! WHY CAN'T WE RUSH IN AND RESCUE THEM, THEN...

THAT'S MY CADET!! THOSE GUARDS WOULD MAKE MINCEMEAT OUT OF US BEFORE WE COULD TAKE A STEP! NO, THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY.

SUDDENLY...

HEY, YOU! WHAT... ULP!

GOT HIM WITH THE SHOCK GUN RAY, SIR!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THE OTHER GUARDS HAVE SEEN US!



HAPPY! ONE OF US HAS TO GET AWAY! I ORDER YOU TO LEAVE THIS FIGHT!

SMOKIN' ROCKETS, SIR! I CAN'T LEAVE YOU ALONE TO FACE ALL OF THEM!

THAT'S AN ORDER, CADET HAPPY! I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF UNTIL YOU GET A GOOD START! CONTACT MAJOR ROBERTSON!

GOOD LUCK, SIR!



THE OTHER ONE GOT AWAY!

WE'LL TAKE HIM TO ZIKOR!



AND IN THE PALACE, A SHORT TIME LATER...

WHO ARE YOU?

BUZZ CORRY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, SPACE PATROL. UNITED PLANETS! I DEMAND MY IMMEDIATE RELEASE, AS WELL AS FREEDOM FOR EVERY CITIZEN OF THE UNITED PLANETS YOU HOLD ILLEGALLY!



YOU DEMAND? I AM ZIKOR! MONARCH OF PLUTO! ONE DAY, I SHALL RULE THE UNIVERSE! I AM THE ONE WHO DEMANDS!

YOU'RE A POWER-MAD MANIAC, ZIKOR! LIKE ALL OF YOUR KIND-- YOU HAVE GONE TOO FAR!

I COULD HAVE YOU EXECUTED IMMEDIATELY, CORRY! BUT THAT CAN WAIT! THERE IS CERTAIN INFORMATION I MUST HAVE FROM YOU! WHAT ARE THE PLANS OF THE SPACE PATROL?

YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THEM FROM ME!

THERE ARE WAYS OF MAKING YOU TALK! BRING IN THE GIRL!

I WONDER WHAT HE HAS UP HIS SLEEVE?

WHAT HAS THE GIRL GOT TO DO WITH THIS?

SHE IS THE DAUGHTER OF LARA, GOVERNOR OF MIMAS! SURELY, YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE THE POOR GIRL TORTURED BECAUSE YOU ARE TOO STUBBORN TO GIVE ME THE INFORMATION I DESIRE!

WHY, YOU ROTTEN...

HA! HA! SHALL WE PROCEED, COMMANDER CORRY?

DON'T TELL HIM ANYTHING!

ALL RIGHT, GUARD! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

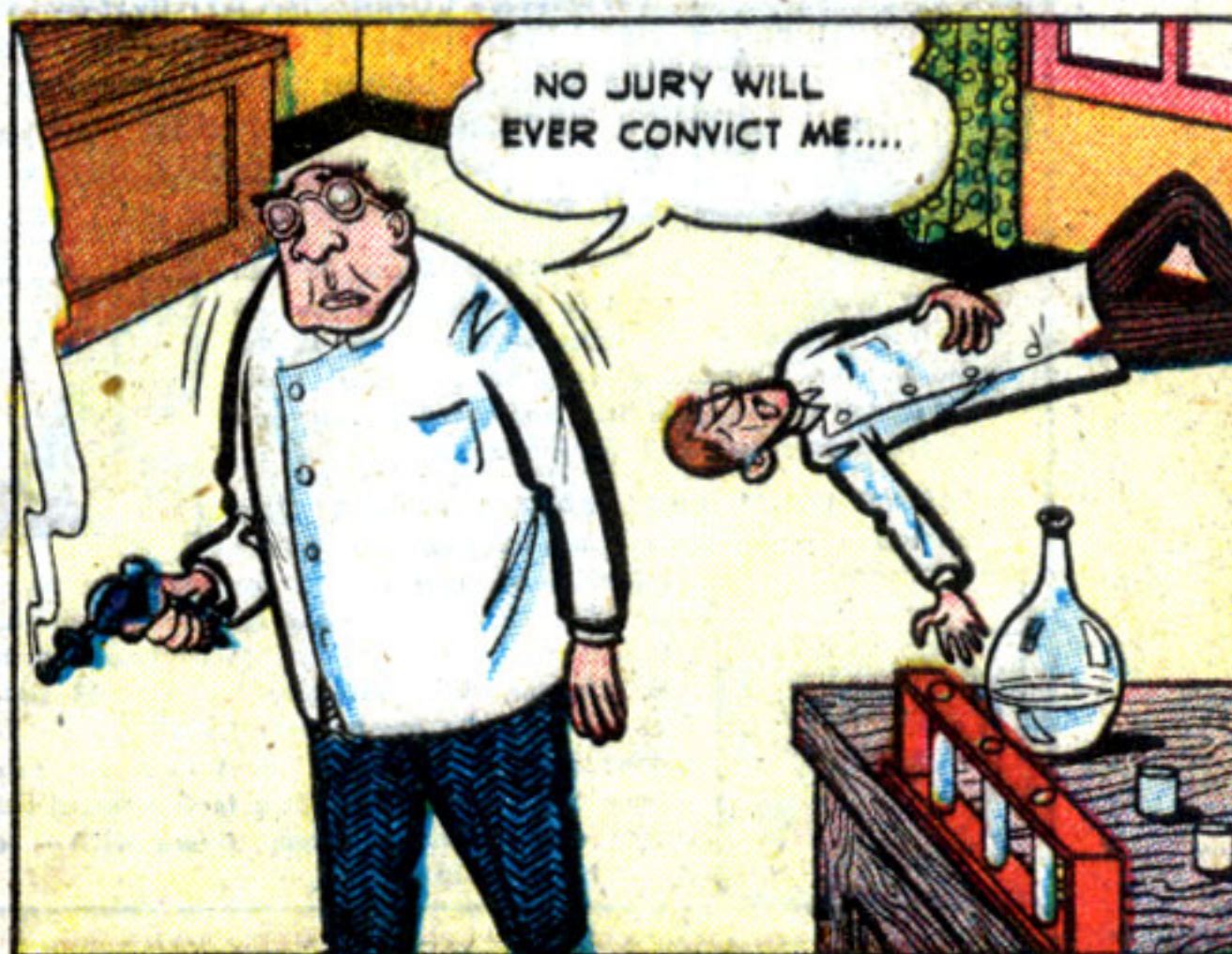
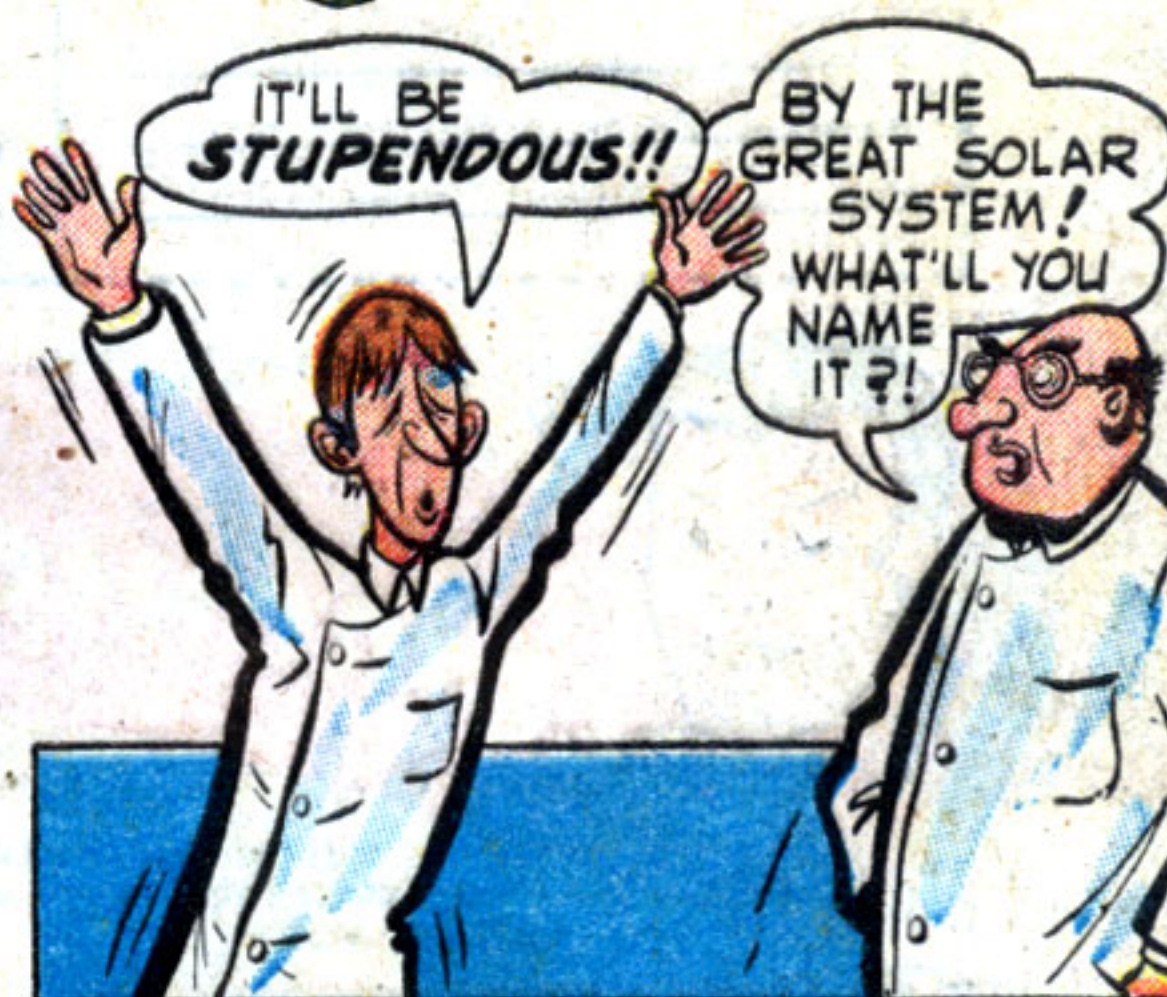
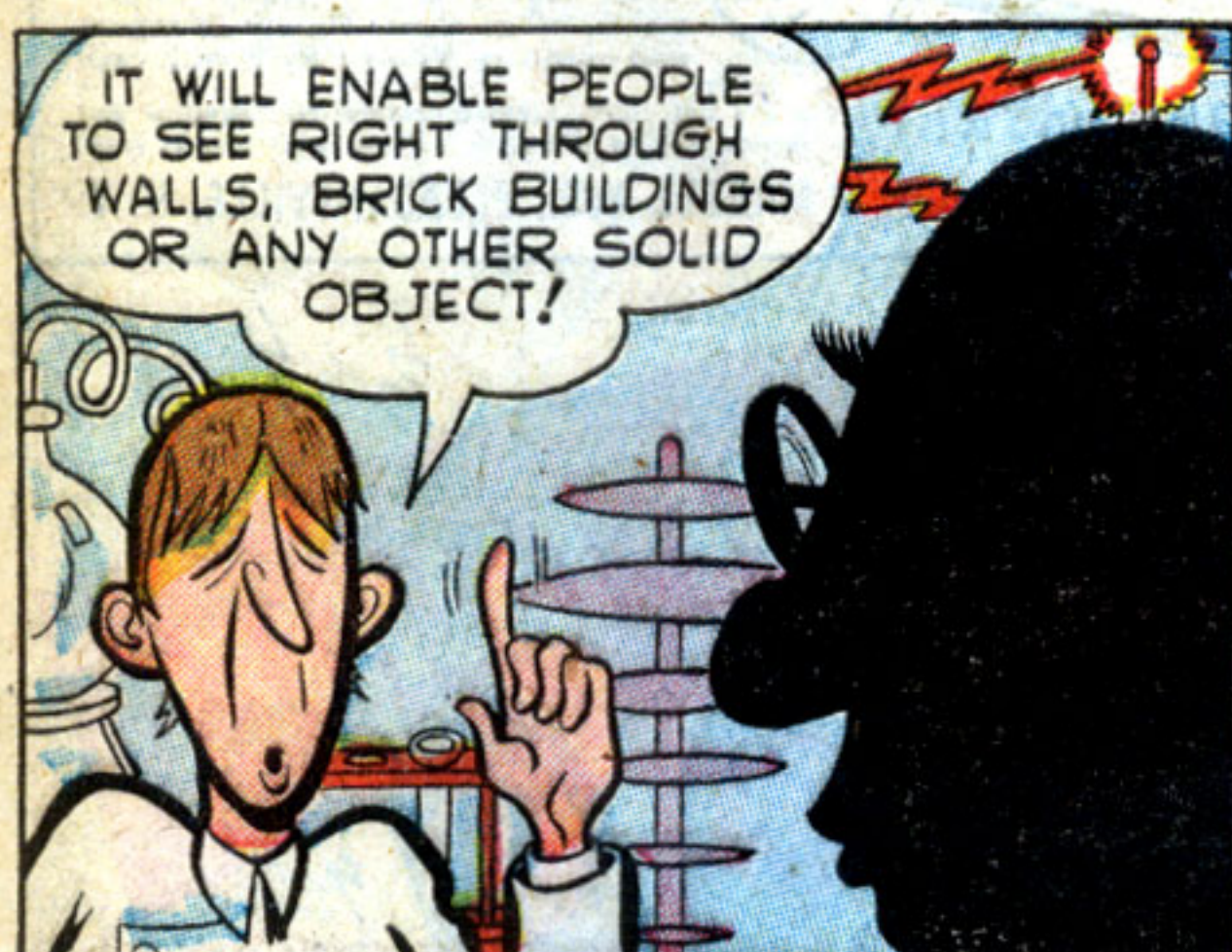
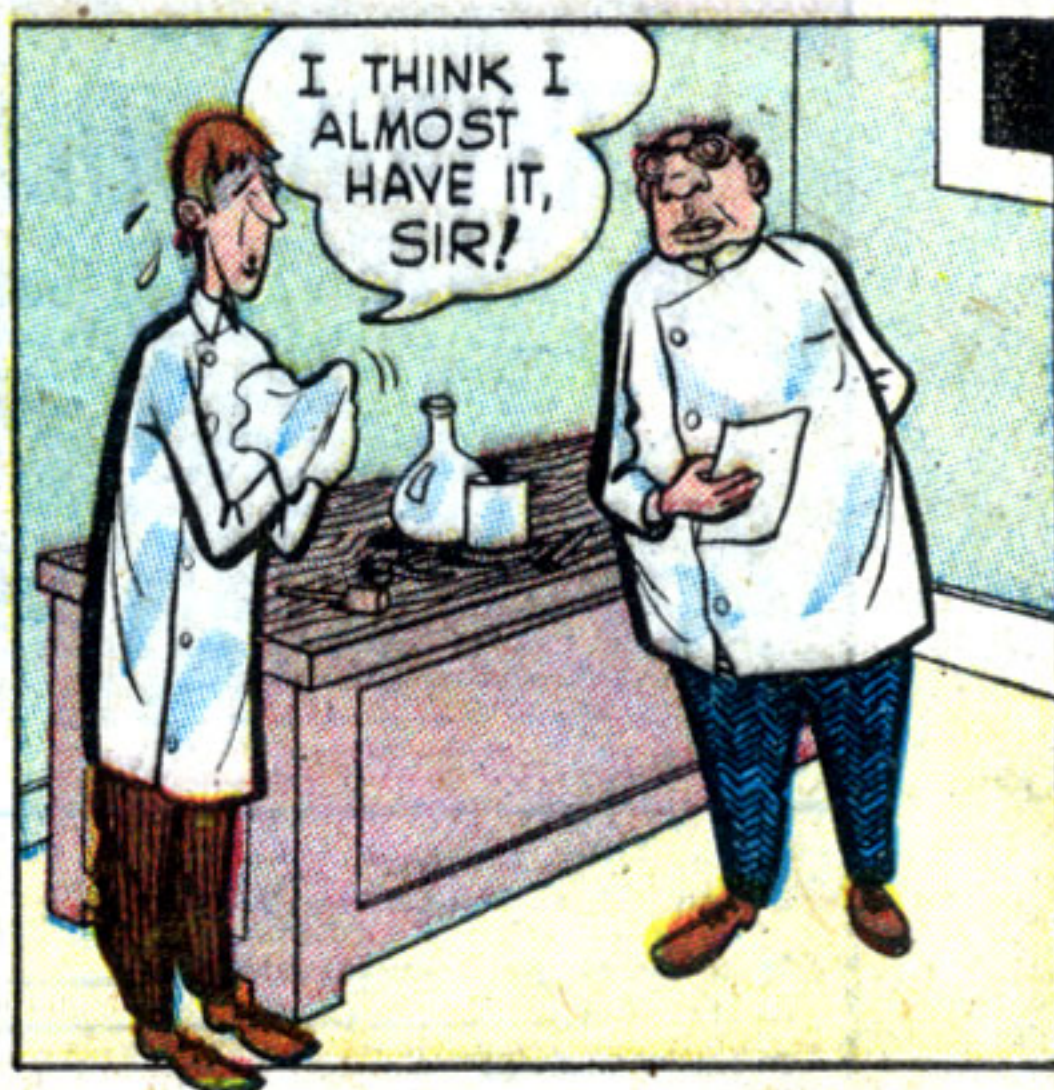
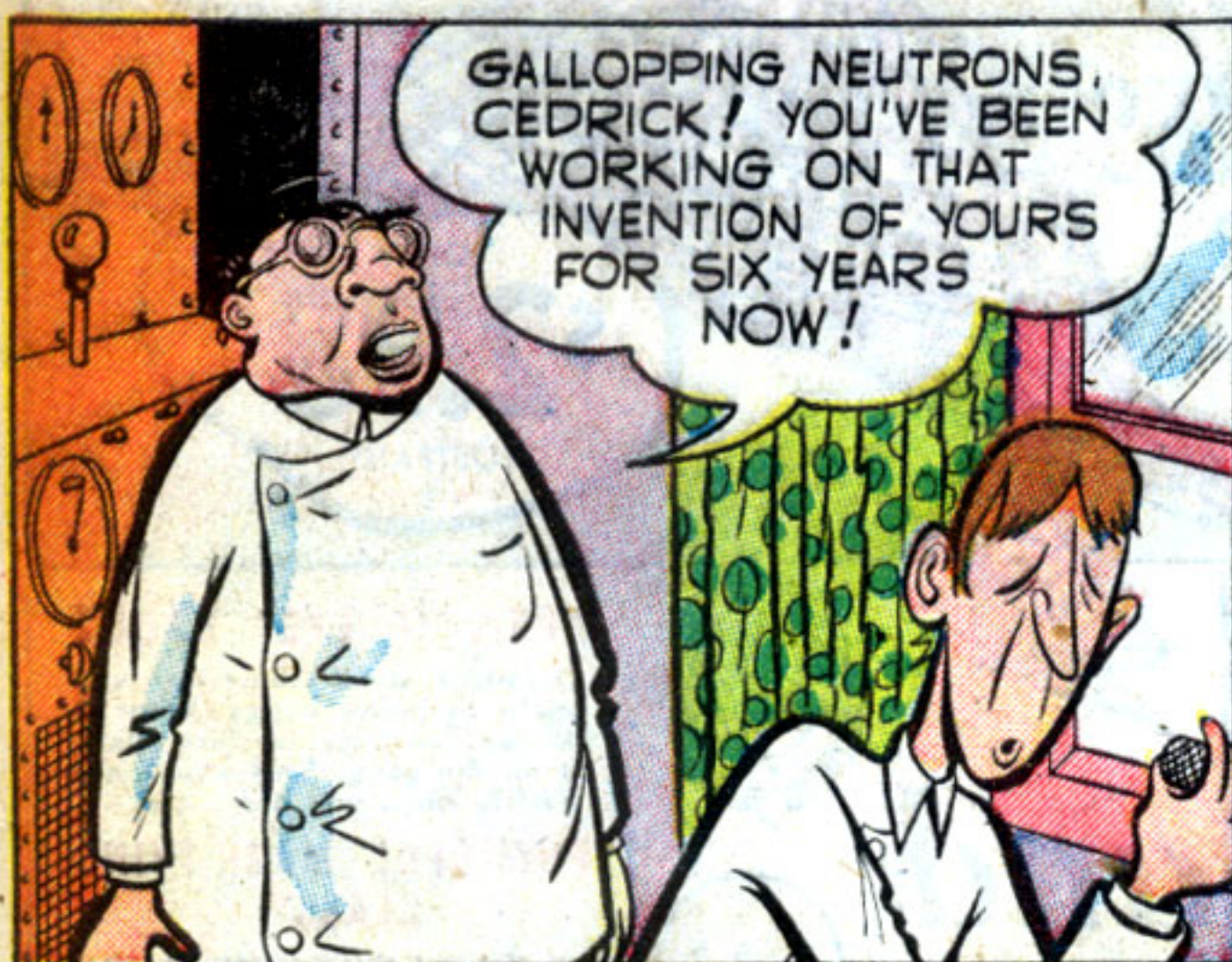
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!

LET HER ALONE!

SEIZE HIM!



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